TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1877.

Marguerite Dale.

"I do wish, Marguerite, you'd listen to common sense," said Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Dale was sitting by a table opposite to a rose-twined window, whence a lovely summer landscape stretched itself away—green meadows, braided with the silver band of a tiny river, and clusters of woods seeming to lean against the sky.

She was a widow who had not yet lost all the fair rounded outlines of her girlish beauty, or the luxuriant auburn braids of her yet unsilvered hair.

And Marguerite, her lovely daughter, sat on the other side of the table, the slanting sunlight touching her golden tresses, and her dazzling complexion seeming purer and more like a newly blossomed sweet pea than ever, by contrast with her light dress.

"Well, mamma," Marguerite Dale spoke, almost recklessly, "what would you have me do?"

"Mr. Alcotte has proposed to you?"

"Yes."

Marguerite's hand involuntarily closed over the open letter lying in her lap, while she turned her face suddenly away, as if the glow of the noon sunlight hurt her eyes.

"And you actually intend to refuse him?" persisted Mrs. Dale.

Marguerite shuddered slightly.

Then rising, she crossed to her mother's side, and, placing her hand on the back of her chair, looked down into the upturned face.

"Mamma, would you have me marry a man whom I do not love?"

"My dear, my dear," reasoned the mother, "this idea of love is purely visionary. True happiness is founded solely on esteem."

"Mamma, that's nonsense!"

"Marguerite!"

"Well, mamma, it is. And I am not going to barter away the gold of my heart for any such dry leaves of theory. I love one man only—and that is Geoffrey Rossmore. And I will never marry any one else."

"But, Marguerite, dear"—Mrs. Dale was half frightened by the vehemence of her daughter's manner—"Geoffrey Rossmore is dead."

"How do I know that he is dead? The ship was lost, but there have been many instances in which one or two, or even half a dozen persons have survived a worse shipwreck than that. And I know—oh, mamma, I feel it in my soul—that he is not dead. My heart would not beat as it beats now were there not an answering throb to it somewhere in the wide world."

"Then where is he? How do you account for this long and unbroken silence on his part?" demanded Mrs. Dale.

"I don't account for it, mamma, I only trust."

"Marguerite," pleaded her mother, "he has forgotten you even if he is still alive. Give him up. Prove your womanly pride and spirit."

But Marguerite resolutely shook her head.

"My daughter," went on Mrs. Dale, "Mr. Alcotte is your uncle's friend. One reason of my coming to your uncle's house this summer was to afford you this golden opportunity. Here it lies at your feet, wealth, ease, a luxurious home for your mother, as well as yourself——"

"Mamma, I would rather go out working by the day," interrupted Marguerite.

"Work, then, ungrateful girl!" burst out Mrs. Dale angrily, "for I certainly shall no longer remain a pensioner on Col. Dale's bounty, since you have contemptuously spurned his best friend from you. Sew, scrub, teach, whatever suits you best. Something it is necessary for you to do, and that quickly."

Marguerite retired, pale and silent, and went to her uncle's room.

Col. Dale was bending absorbedly over some letters; he looked up with a start as Marguerite entered.

"Well, Peggy," he said caressingly, for his pretty niece was rather a favorite with him, "have you come to tell me you will be Fernando Alcotte's wife?"

"No, uncle," answered Marguerite, firmly.

"Why not?" demanded the old man.

"I do not love him."

"Well," said Colonel Dale, intently watching her, "and why don't you love him? Are you still thinking of that ne'er-do-well, Geoffrey Rossmore, who was shipwrecked six months ago?"

"Yes, uncle," despairingly cried out Marguerite, "I am still thinking of him. I am his affianced wife, and will be faithful to him as long as I live."

"Then you are a fool," slowly uttered Col. Dale, a savage frown knitting his brows.

"Uncle," went on Marguerite, unheeding his last remark, "will you help me to get a situation?"

"No," thundered the irate old man, "I won't!"

That was the end, of course, of their easy-going life at Dalewood Place.

Mrs. Dale and Marguerite went into cheap lodgings.

Mrs. Dale spent her time, like Niobe, "all tears."

Marguerite toiled from place to place in search of any work which might keep starvation from their door.

And in the midst of this Mr. Alcotte renewed his offer.

Mrs. Dale brightened visibly.

"Oh, Marguerite, you never will refuse him a second time?"

"Mamma," said Marguerite, "I have not changed my mind in any respect. I would rather starve than sell myself for gold."

"Very well," said Mrs. Dale, setting her teeth together, "I have endured the consequences of your caprices long enough. I will go back to Dalewood. Your uncle offers me a home."

"Good," said Uncle Dale, when the mother arrived at Dalewood. "There is nothing like extreme measures. She can't hold out long now. We shall have her back eating 'humble-pie' in less than a month."

But there was more resource and resolution in Marguerite's character than either her mother or uncle gave her credit for.

One morning she was asked by a gentleman if she would accept a situation.

"Give me something to do," she said despairingly; "I don't care what it is."

"Will you go abroad as companion to a crazy lady?" dubiously inquired the other. "Good salary, but troublesome place. The lady's mother goes with her too, but—"

"Yes," said Marguerite, "I will go."

Mrs. Gerard knew nothing about traveling—Miss Gerard was possessed with a general idea that a regiment of soldiers were following her to shoot her down, and between them both our little heroine had but a sorry time of it.

But she persevered, smiling and resolute, as if her heart were not growing faint within her.

It was the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel, and the three ladies had come on board, Mrs. Gerard nervous and flurried, Miss Gerard perpetually watching an opportunity to escape the vigilance of her guardians, Marguerite worn and wearied with the cares of packing.

"Her's a mistake," cried out Mrs. Gerard, "I thought we had engaged No. 14"

"So we did," said Marguerite.

"And here's the officer says No. 14 was taken a month ago, and there's some mistake, and we shall have to go in a dark, stuffy little hole under the wheel. Oh, dear! oh dear!"

"I am sorry, ma'am," said the officer, "but it is the only state-room left. Perhaps, however, the gentleman who has engaged No. 14 might be willing to give it up to the ladies if—"

"Dear Marguerite, do ask him," said Miss Gerard, bursting into feeble tears.

Marguerite hesitated.

It was not a pleasant mission, but there seemed no alternative.

Conducted by the stewardess she knocked at the door of No. 14, one of the best cabins on board.

"If you please, sir," said the voluble woman, "here's three ladies as supposed they were to have 14, and there's only 9 left, as there's no ventilation, and only two single berths, and if you wouldn't mind changing—"

The state-room door opened.

A tall figure darkened the expanse, and Marguerite dropped her traveling shawl with a low cry.

"Geoffrey! oh, Geoffrey!"

"Marguerite is it possible that this is you!"

"Yes," said Marguerite, recalling herself instantly. "I am going to Italy."

His face blanched.

A hard, strained look came into all the features.

"On your wedding tour I suppose," said he. "I have heard of Mr. Alcotte's devotion."

"No," answered Marguerite quietly; "as companion to two ladies. I am earning my own living now, Geoffrey. Uncle has turned me out of doors, and even mamma has left me."

"Why?"

The word escaped like a fluttering bird from between his closed lips.

"Because I have refused to marry Mr. Alcotte. Because I was true to the man who, it seems, has forgotten me."

"Never, Marguerite!" he cried.

"My treasure—my love, listen, and you yourself will confess that I am guiltless of blame."

And then, still standing in the state room door, Geoffrey Rossmore told her of his shipwreck and of the long fever that ensued and his slow homeward progress.

He had written more than once it seemed, but his letters, intrusted to careless messengers, had never reached her.

"And when I reached England," he concluded, "I heard that Fernando Alcotte was your accepted lover. What could I do but shrink from beholding you, and resolve that my inopportune presence should ever mar your prospects?"

"Oh, Geoffrey!"

"Ah, dearest, you have never suffered the pangs of jealousy. And when, at last, the bequest of a distant cousin placed me above want, I decided to leave this country forever. And thus it happened that I engaged passage in this vessel."

"But, Geoffrey"—with a smile and blush—"you—you will not go now?"

"Not if you will stay in England with me," said Mr. Rossmore.

Mrs. and Miss Gerard went to Italy without a maid, and had No. 14 all to themselves.

Col. Dale and his sister-in-law have concluded that it is useless to enter the lists against love. And Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey are happy at last.

How to get Sleep.

How to get sleep is to some persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood to the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the heart are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body or extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath or a sponge and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

We will not encourage you to hope that you can buy your way to heaven, but if on every Sunday you will put into the contribution-box a nickel for each sin committed during the preceding week, you will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that you belong to a prosperous church.—*News.*

The Shortest Deed on Record.

Scribner for May contains a paper of "Reminiscences of Washington," from unpublished family records. Among the anecdotes of Washington there related is the following:

In August, 1796, after a few delightful days spent with their distinguished relatives, Captain Lewis relates that the following conversation took place at the breakfast table the morning fixed for their departure.

Washington was, as all the world knows, a man of few words, and while he quietly partook of his frugal meal the conversation flowed cheerfully on between the other members of the family present. Suddenly his nephew turned laughing to him and said:

"Uncle, what do you think I dreamed last night?"

The general replied he could not guess, and asked to be told. Captain Lewis, continuing to laugh merrily, replied:

"Why I dreamed you gave me your farm on Deep Run."

"Humph!" ejaculated his uncle. "You had better dreamed I gave you Mount Vernon."

No more was said on the subject, and Captain Lewis had quite forgotten his unmeaning dream as he placed his wife in the carriage, and bade his uncle and aunt good-bye. Washington followed him to the carriage, and handed him a folded paper, saying as he did so: "You can look at that when you reach home." Captain Lewis received the paper in astonishment, but could make no reply, as the carriage now rolled swiftly away. He might have felt in duty bound to suffer the pangs of curiosity until he reached home, but his wife had no such conscientious scruples; she had not been forbidden to open it, and so she soon succeeded in gaining possession of the mysterious paper, and before Mount Vernon was lost in the distance she discovered the fact that they had left that modest dwelling much richer than they were when they entered it. Whether Washington had intended to bestow the Deep Run farm in his will upon this nephew, and only hastened the time of the gift, or whether with the quiet humor in which he rarely indulged, he thus proved the dream of which he had been told a practical reality, was never known. The deed is said to be the shortest on record, and is as follows:

"I do by these presents give, and (if deed of conveyance should not have been made before,) hereby oblige my heirs executors and administrators to fulfil, all the lands which I hold on Deep Run, or its branches in the county of Fauquier, unto my nephew Robert Lewis and to his heirs or assigns forever.

Given my hand and seal this 13th day of August, 1796.

GO. WASHINGTON." [SEAL.]

Our President's Family.

Mrs. Hayes, though so fresh and fair, has been the mother of eight children—Richard, aged 23, who is in the Cambridge Law School of Harvard University; Webb, 21, and Rutherford, 17, who are undergraduates of Cornell; Joseph, between these two, who died in infancy; Georgie Crook, a babe, born about the close of the war, and named for General Crook, who with his charming wife, is an intimate friend of the President and Mrs. Hayes; Fannie, a dear little lassie of 9 years, with her father's blue eyes and her mother's native diplomacy of manner; Scott, pet-named "Tuss," 6 years old, a beautiful boy, who already bids fair to succeed "Tad" Lincoln's place in the popular heart; and little Manning, last and one of the loveliest of all, who was born at Freemont, and died at twenty-one months old.—*Toledo Blade.*

Fish and Meat Sauce.—Six tablespoonfuls water, four of vinegar; put into a sauce pan and warm; thicken with yolks of two eggs; do not boil it; add juice of one lemon.

Face Pimples.—Eschew very salt, rich, or greasy food, and take a dose of magnesia occasionally. Also wash the face occasionally with diluted cologne water.

Washington's Idea of Civil Service.

[Harper's Magazine.]

In January, 1789, four months before he was inaugurated, he wrote to Samuel Hanson that if he entered upon public life again, he meant to be "not only unfettered by promises, but even unchargeable with creating or feeding the expectation of any man living for my assistance to office." He said "the ear of the nominator ought to be open to the comments on the merits of each candidate, and to be governed primarily by the abilities which are most peculiarly adapted to the nature and duties of the office which is to be filled." He was determined to go into the chair of government perfectly free; and in March, 1789, he writes to Benjamin Harrison that in making appointments, "a due regard shall be had to the fitness of characters, the pretensions of different candidates, and, so far as is proper, to political considerations." He constantly repeats this principle, adding, on one occasion, the distribution of positions of importance to various parts of the Union as indispensable to the happy beginning of the government. But fitness is always the foremost condition.

When Washington had entered upon the office of president, he felt that nominations for appointment were among the most delicate and difficult of his duties. One of his earliest letters upon the subject is to the widow of General Wooster, the the hero of the action at Danbury, during the Revolution. The letter is very tender and considerate, but firm and self-respectful. "As a public man, acting only with reference to the public good, I must be allowed to decide upon all points of my duty without consulting my private inclinations and wishes." And in the same letter, "All that I require is the name and such testimonials with respect to abilities, integrity and fitness as it may be in the power of the several applicants to produce. Beyond this, nothing with me is necessary or will be of any avail to them in my decisions." In November, 1789, he writes to Joseph Jones: "In every nomination to office I have endeavored, so far as my own knowledge extended or information could be obtained, to make fitness of character my primary object." In February, 1791, after honorably and faithfully following this course, he writes to General Armstrong: In a word, to a man who has no ends to serve nor friends to provide for, nomination to office is the most irksome part of the executive trust." Making the just distinction between political and non-political offices, he writes to Timothy Pickering in September, 1795: "I shall not, whilst I have the honor to administer the government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pursuing, for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide."

Gov. Bullock once mentioned to Dr. R. Storrs an incident which came under his notice when Webster and Choate were antagonists before the court. Mr. Choate had lucidly, with great emphasis, stated the law. Mr. Webster—than whom a greater master of attitude, gesture, and facial expression never lived—turned on him the gaze of his great eye, as if in mournful, despairing remonstrance against such a sad and strange perversion. "That is the law, may it please your Honor," thundered Mr. Choate, catching the glance, advancing a step, and looking full in Webster's face; "that is the law, in spite of the admonishing and somewhat paternal look in the eye of my illustrious friend!" And it was the law, as affirmed by the court. Quaintness of expression was constant with Choate. "When I had been two days on the Rhine," he said to Dr. Storrs, at Hanover, "I knew the whole river perfectly; couldn't have known it better if I'd been drowned in it."

Give children all the salt they want to eat.

It is reported that England and Russia have come to an understanding.